Por. Have by ſome Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Iew. Is it ſo nominated in the Bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.
Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeve not that I am faine to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhowes her ſelfe more kind
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Iew do cut but deep enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, I, ſacrifize them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Iew. Thoſe

Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the ſtocke of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We triſle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame Merchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Judge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The law alowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned judge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſome thing elſe,
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy Bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doeſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Grat. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more then thou deſir'ſt.
Grat. O learned judge, marke Jew, a learned judge.
Iew. I take his offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft no haſt,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Grat. O Iew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be it but ſo much
As makes it light or heavie in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale do turne

But